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(Playford)

# THE Banquet of MUSICK:

OR,

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS  
sung at Court, and at Publick Theatres.

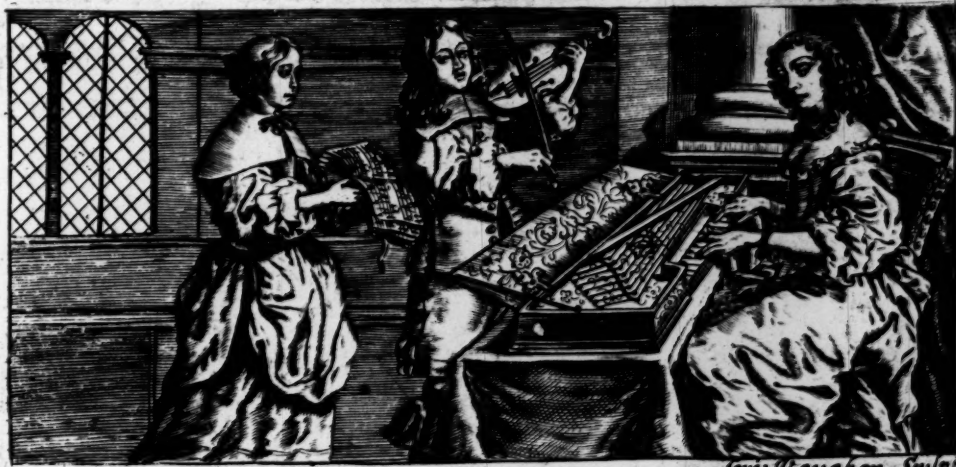
WITH

A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,  
*Bass-Viol*, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

*Composed by several of the Best Masters.*

The WORDS by the *Ingenious Wits* of this Age.

THE FIRST BOOK.



*Gut: Vaughan Sculpi*

LICENSED,

Nov. 19. 1687.

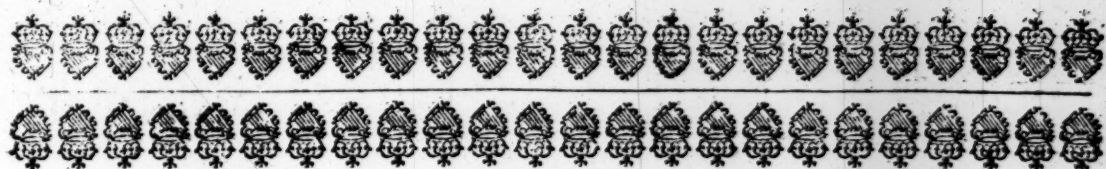
Rob. Midgley.

*In the SAVOY:*

Printed by E. Jones, for Henry Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church, 1688.







TO THE  
READER.



Aving already published a COLLECTION of this nature, Entitled, *The Theatre of MUSICK*, containing many excellent SONGS, in four Books, I am encouraged to proceed to this second Volume, called, *The Banquet of MUSICK*, whereof you are here presented with the first Book; hoping that both this and the following will receive the same favourable Reception with the former, which will further encourage the Endeavours of

*Your humble Servant,*

H. Playford.

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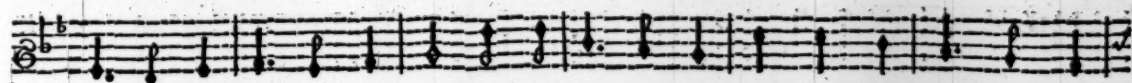
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### ADVERTISEMENT.

A Brief Introduction to the Skill of *MUSICK*, both *Vocal* and *Instrumental*, by Mr. *John Playford*, is newly Reprinted with Additions ; and sold by *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*.



Ow sweet are the youthful Adventures of Love! What pretty kind



Sympathies mu—tual—ly move! How in a—mo—rous Mu—sic they each play their



Parts, and make in their Minds a trans—fu—sion of Hearts! Yet as strange, and as



va—rious Pow' ———rs they have, when from Frowns, Sighs, and Smiles, is

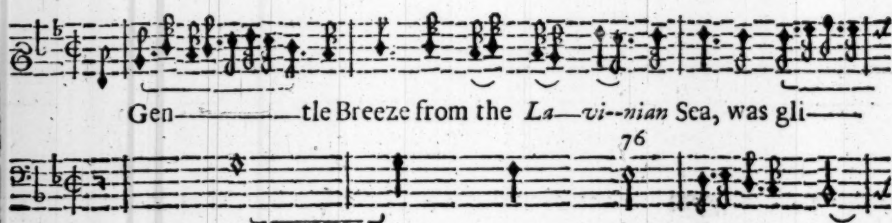


Bliss, and a Grave.

Mr. *Alphonso Marsh.*

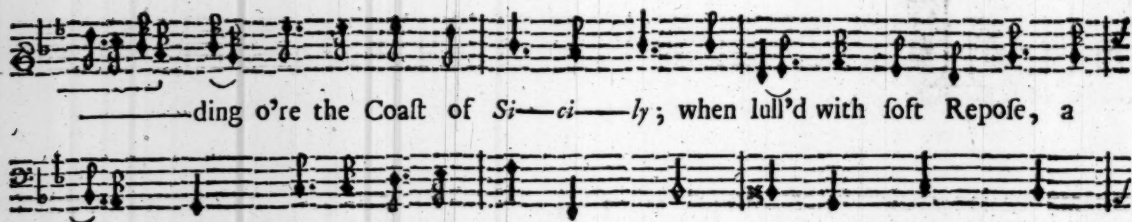




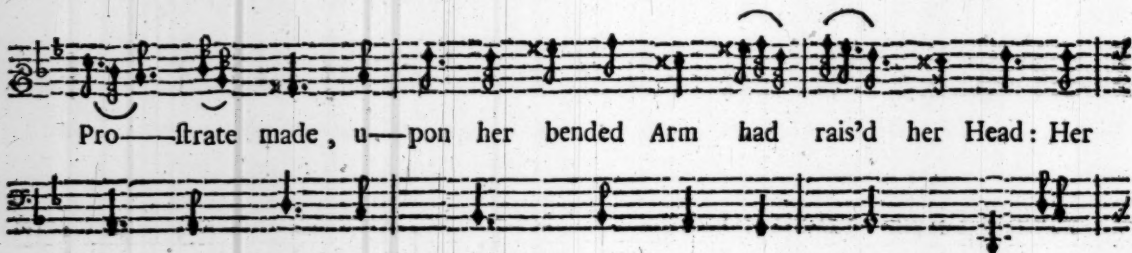


Gen—tle Breeze from the *La—vi—nian* Sea, was gli—

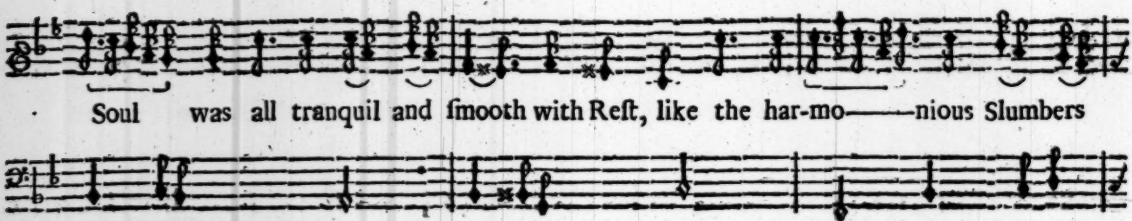
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—ding o're the Coast of *Si—ci—ly*; when lull'd with soft Repose, a



Pro—strate made, u—pon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head: Her

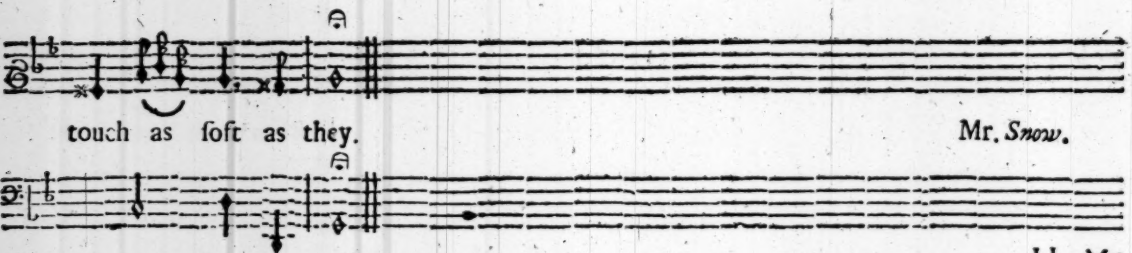


Soul was all tranquil and smooth with Rest, like the har—mo—nious Slumbers



of the Bleft; wrapp'd up in si—lence, in—no—cent she lay, and press'd the Flow'rs with

43



touch as soft as they.

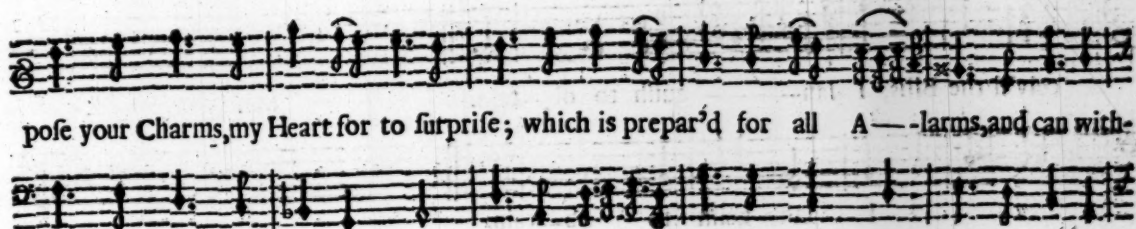
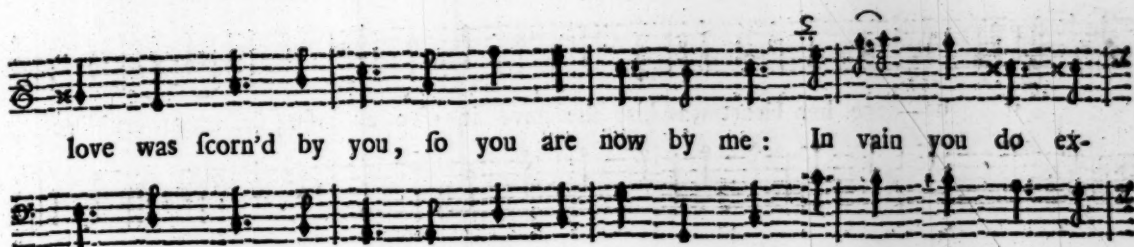
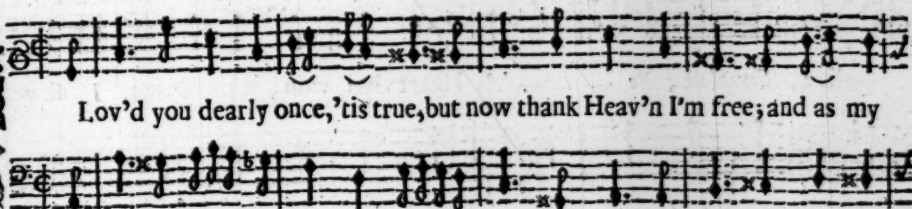
Mr. Snow.

II.

My Thoughts, in gentlest Sounds, she did impart,  
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;  
And as I sung, I grasp'd her yielding Thighs,  
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:  
I kiss'd, and wish'd, and forrag'd all her Store,  
Yet wallowing in the Pleasure, I was poor;  
No kind Relief my Agonies could ease,  
I groan'd, and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

III.

The trembling Nymph all o're Confusion lay,  
Her melting Looks in sweet disorder play;  
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppress'd,  
And all her Faculties are dispossest'd.  
At last impetuously her Pulses move,  
She gives a mighty loose to stifled Love;  
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,  
Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dyes.



Mr. Snow.

II.

Not all your feigned Sighs, nor Tears,  
My Pity e're can move;  
Who once gets free from beauteous Snares,  
Is mad again to love:  
No, *Cloe*, now my Heart's my own,  
And so it shall remain;  
I value not your Smile or Frown,  
Your Favour or Disdain.

A. 2. Voc.



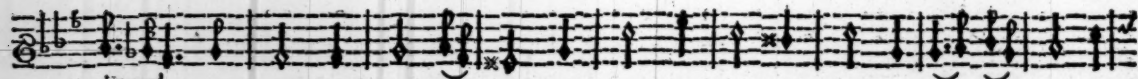
By what I've seen, &c.



live; Strephon, Be — lin — da's Heart has won, the Prize I saw her give: Or



if be-fore her Heart was his, she gave it o're a-gain; she unconcern'd re-



ceiv'd the Bliss, I lan- guish to ob- tain.

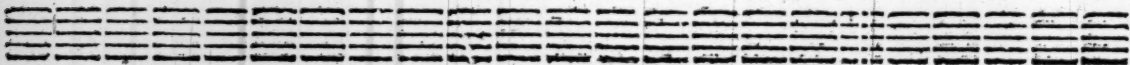
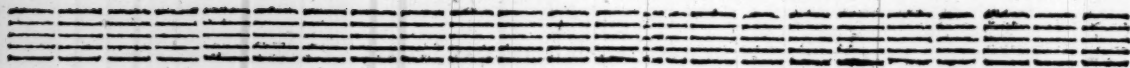
Mr. Daniel Purcell.



I lan- guish to ob- tain.

II.

Cruel *Belinda*! cease to give  
Those looks, when I am by;  
Cannot my Rival happy live,  
Unless he see me dye?  
If you delight to punish me,  
I will no more complain;  
But let not him my Torments see,  
To glory in my Pain.







Was Night, and all the Vil-lage wrap'd in Sleep, when Grief lay

hush'd, and Sor—row could not weep; ev'n proud Am-bi-tion too in qui—et

lay, and peaceful Rest did all the World survey: On—ly young Phi-le-mon, whose

fad Despair kept him a—wake, and tor—tur'd him with Care; as he up—

on a River's Bank was laid, and thus the me-lan-cho-ly Shepherd said: Break,

foo—lish Heart, and grieve no more, thy Sorrows, Sorrows, are in vain; they



ne—ver can thy Joys restore, but serve to feed, to feed, thy Pain: Those Friends, who



when thy Fortune shone, were al—ways cour—ting thee, now thou art poor, do



thee disown, and scorn, and scorn, thy Com—pa—ny, and scorn thy Com—pa—ny.



Friendship is now be—come a Trade, by Fortune bought, by Fortune bought, and sold;



a mere Self—in—te—rest is made, mo—no—po—liz'd, mo—no—po—liz'd by Gold:



Death is the on—ly cer—tain Friend, for all the World, the World's a Cheat;



[ 7 ]

and he thy Mi—fe—ries will end, tho' they, tho' they be ne're so great. Then

farewel World, and worldly Joys, false Hope; false Hope, and vain Desires; which

Reason blinds, and Sense de—stroys, and on—ly Pride, and on—ly Pride, in-

spires. Since Virtue, Truth, and Ho—ne—sty, are flown, and none but Fortune's Fools are in re-

quest; no more I will my wret—ched Fate bemoan, but on this Bank con—ten—ted e—ver rest.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.



## A SONG to a Lyra Tune.



Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round about run to pleasure a



Man, whose Life's but a span; with worldly Joys, and the glitt'ring Toys, which do make such a



noise, as confound all advice, that's given by the Wife, and in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Mife-



ries, and there do leave him. Then the World which be—fore for his Store did a-



dore him, streight seems afraid of one decay'd, and him upbraid of the Wealth, with each by's

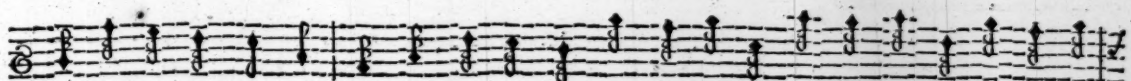
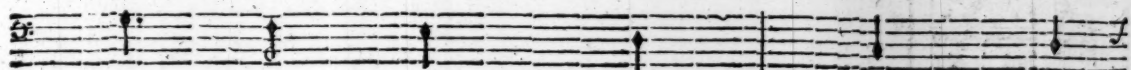


Trade, did be—fore de—ceive him; but when the Mor—tal sees his own un-

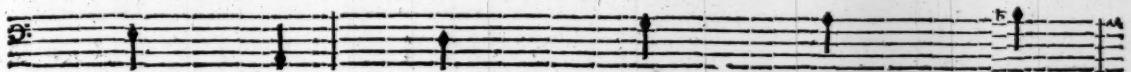




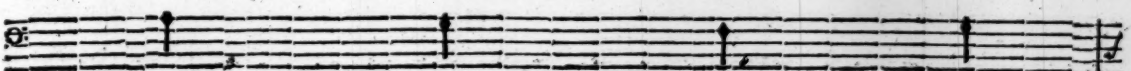
do-ing, finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a go-ing, then he sighs and



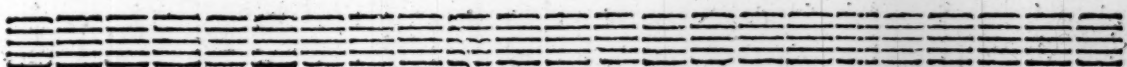
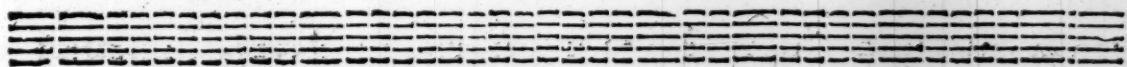
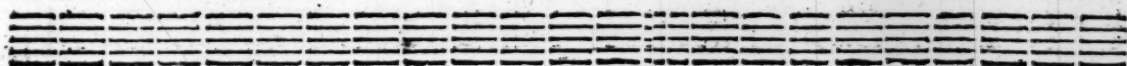
moans, and then he pines and groans; at last he craves, his Friends deny, at w<sup>ch</sup> he raves, and swears, he'l



dye, and thus he cries, He ne're was wise, un—til in Mi—se—ry he



dyes; and thus the wretched Spendthrift lyes, fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*



A. 2. Voc.

The Words by Mr. Cowley.

Ere, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning Love de-Ere, here's to thee *Dick*, here, here's to theespife; here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whining, whining Love despise;*Dick*, this whi—ning Love despise, this whining, whi—ning Love despise;

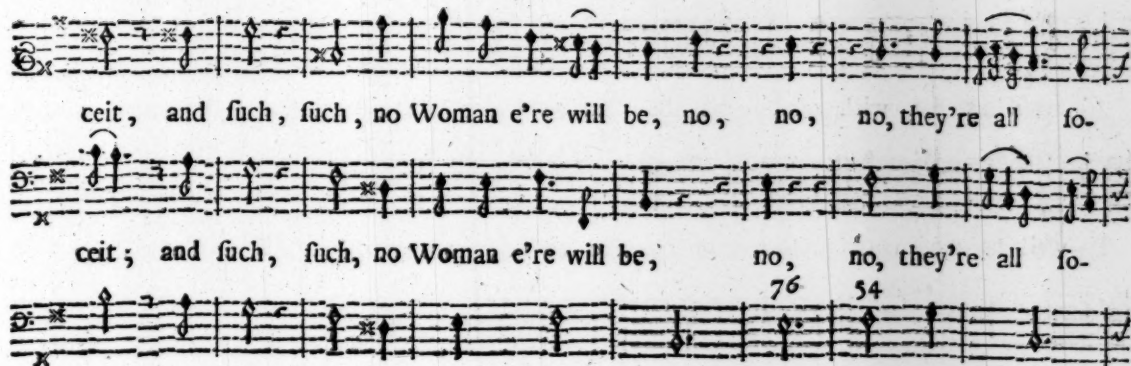
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pledge me, pledge me, my Friend, here, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'stpledge me, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, my Friend, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'st

wife: It sparkles brigh--ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de-

wife: It sparkles brigh--ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de-





ceit, and such, such, no Woman e're will be, no, no, no, they're all fo-

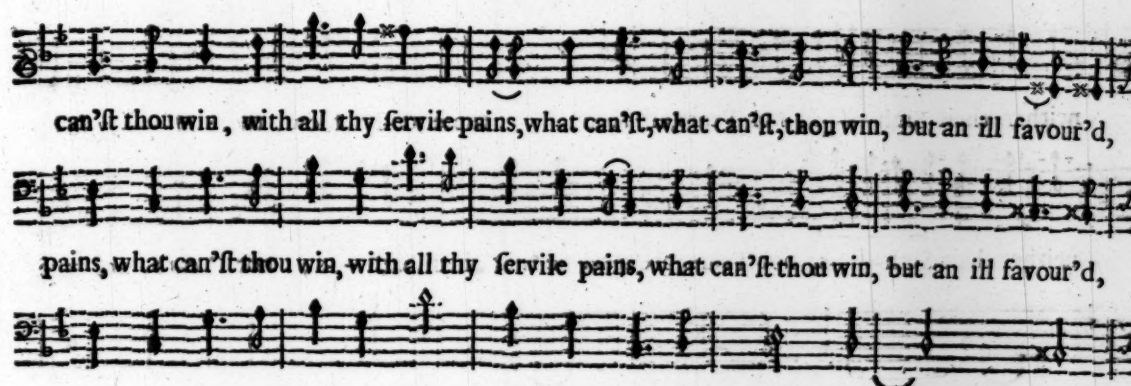
ceit; and such, such, no Woman e're will be, no, no, they're all fo-

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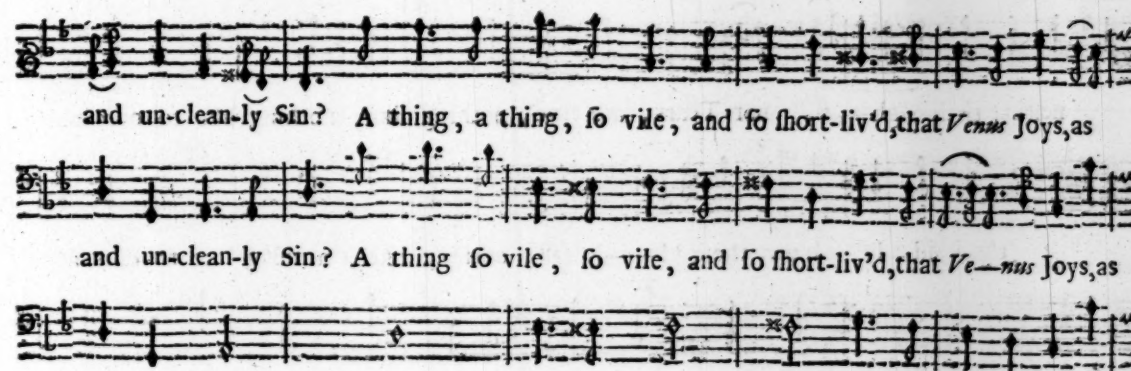
phistificate, they're all, all, all, so-phi-sti-cate. With all thy servile pains, what

phistificate, they're all, all, all, so-phi-sti-cate. With all thy servile



can't thou win, with all thy servile pains, what can't, what can't, thou win, but an ill favour'd,

pains, what can't thou win, with all thy servile pains, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd,

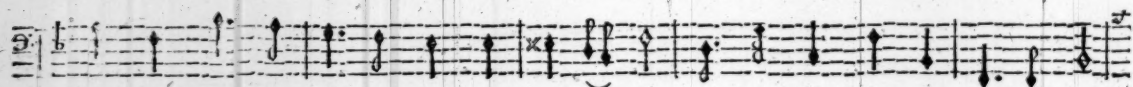


and un-clean-ly Sin? A thing, a thing, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that Venus Joys, as

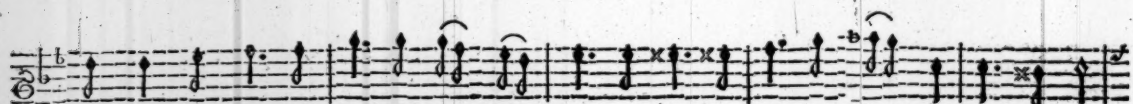
and un-clean-ly Sin? A thing so vile, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that Ve-nus Joys, as



well as she, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-lected Foam deriv'd.



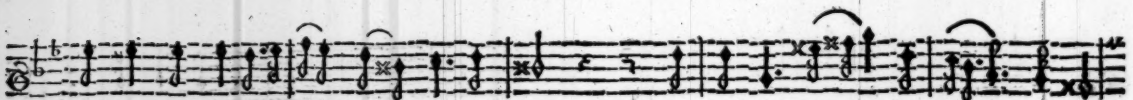
well as she, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-lected Foam deriv'd.



Follies they have, so numberless, in store, that on-ly he who loves them can have more;



Follies they have, so num-ber-less, in store, that on-ly he who loves them can have more;



neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, those id-ly blow, these id—ly fall;



neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true,

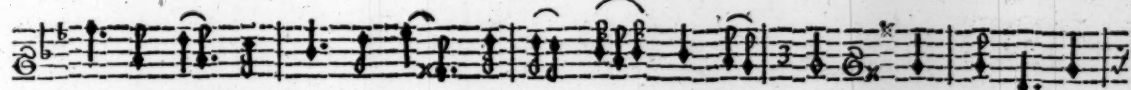


neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, nothing like, nothing like to ours at



those id-ly blow, these id—ly fall; nothing like, nothing like to ours at





all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex-es too. Here's to thee a-



all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex---es too. Here's



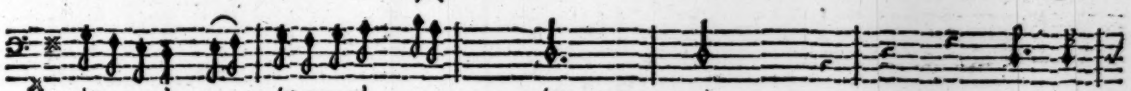
gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy fenfelefs Sor--rows drown'd; here's to thee, thy



to thee a—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy fenfelefs Sorrows drown'd, thy



fenfe—lefs Sor—rows drown'd, let the Glas walk, 'till all things too go



fenfe—lefs Sor—rows drown'd, let the



rou—nd, 'till all things too go rou—



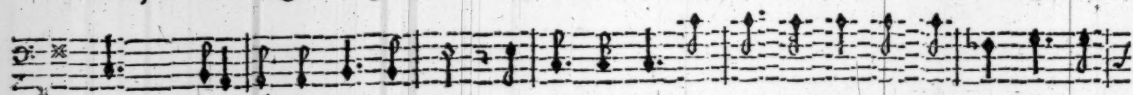
Glas walk, 'till all things too go rou—nd, 'till







—nd, 'till all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be



all, all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be



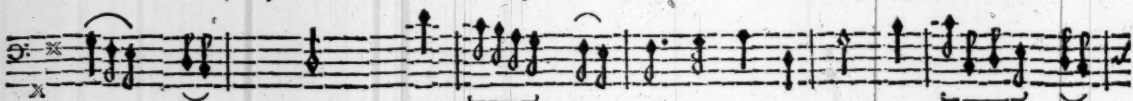
four, no Er—ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none



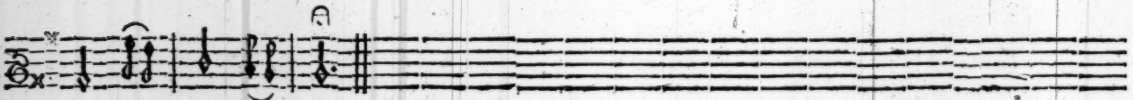
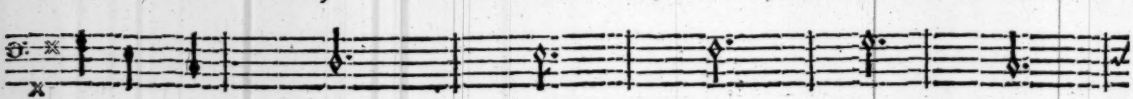
four, no Er—ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none



dou—ble fee, like Men in love; none dou—ble fee, none dou—ble

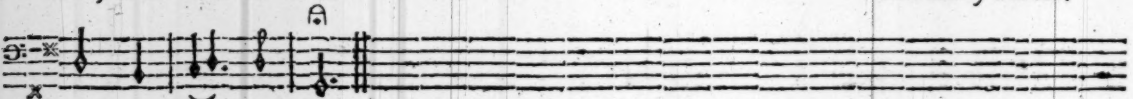


dou—ble fee, none dou—ble fee, like Men in love; none dou—ble



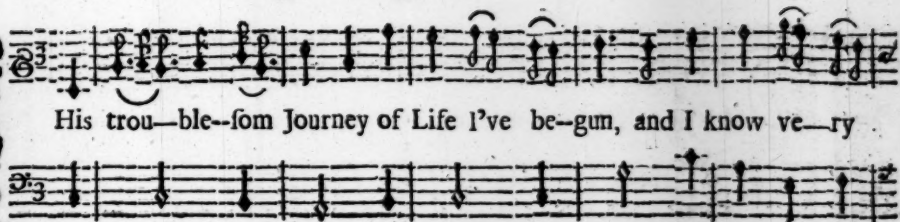
fee, like Men in love.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



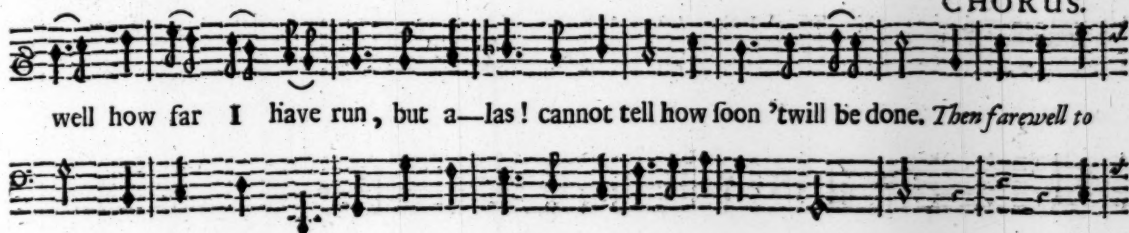
fee, like Men in love.





His trou—ble—som Journey of Life I've be—gun, and I know ve—ry

CHORUS.



well how far I have run, but a—las! cannot tell how soon 'twill be done. *Then* farewell to

*Then*



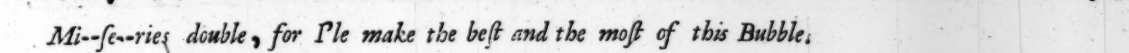
Care, to Care, then farewell to Care, Fear, Sorrow, and Trouble, and Love that makes all o—ther



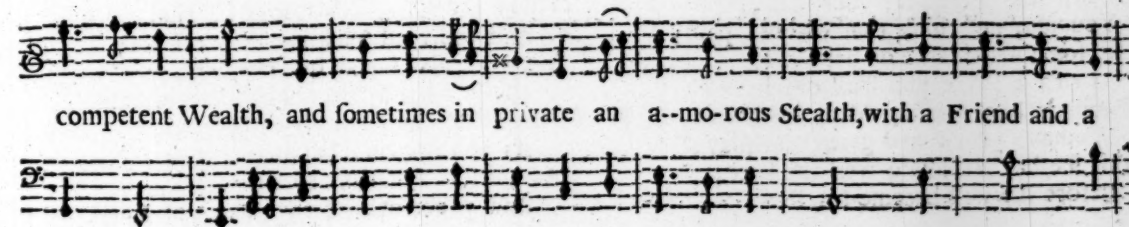
farewell to Care, then farewell to Care, Fear, Sorrow, and Trouble, and Love that makes all other



Mi—se—ries double, for Ple make the best and the most of this Bubble. Give me but in quiet a

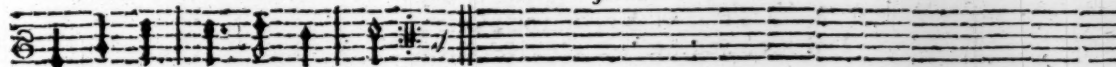


Mi—se—ries double, for Ple make the best and the most of this Bubble.



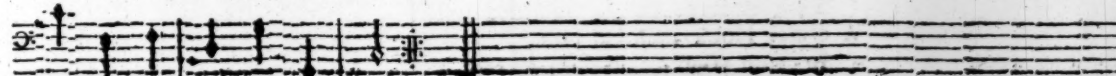
competent Wealth, and sometimes in private an a—mo—rous Stealth, with a Friend and a

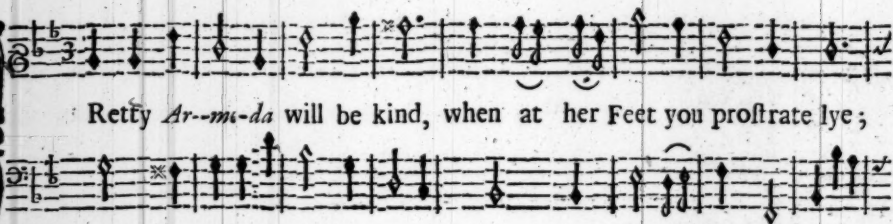
CHORUS as before.



Bottle to drink the King's Health.

Mr. John Roffey.





Retty *Ar-mi-da* will be kind, when at her Feet you prostrate lye ;



no cru—el Looks was e're design'd, to dwell with—in her charming Eye : Gaze on her



Face, and ev'ry Part, that is ex—po—sed to your view ; you'l presently conclude her



Heart to be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

Mr. Snow.



II.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,  
You may not think that without pain ;  
And some Attendance on her Will,  
So rich a Prize you shall obtain :  
Wooing's like Angling-Men, must wait  
Woman's time, and give them play,  
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bate,  
Before she will become his Prey.

III.

What tho' *Armeda's* Looks be kind,  
And you read Yielding in her Eyes ;  
Yet you, alas ! may quickly find,  
Those Charms do nought but tantalize :  
Her Heart may not so easie be  
As you imagin, but may prove  
As hard as Adamant to thee,  
And proof against thy Darts of Love.

IV.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,  
Make Tryal of Sir, if you please ;  
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,  
And beg of her Relief and Ease :  
But she'l not hear you, for she spies  
That underneath your gilded Bate ;  
A crafty Hook inclosed lyes,  
So from your Angle she'l retreat.



# ANACREON'S Defeat.

[ 17 ]

[The Notes with this Mark \* over them, are to be sung Demi-quavers.]



His Poet si — ngs the Tro-jan Wars, a-no-ther of the Theban

jarrs, in rat — ling Numbers, in rat —

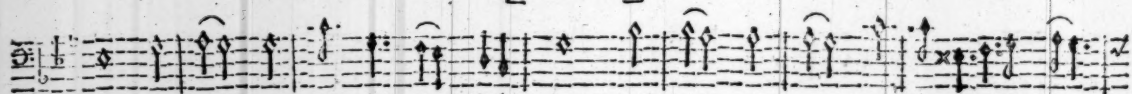
ling Numbers, Verse that da — res; this Poet

si — ngs the Tro-jan Wars, a-no-ther of the The-ban jarrs, in

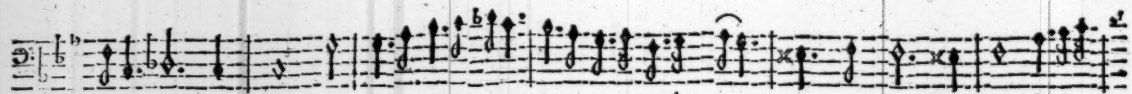
rat — ling Numbers, in rat — ling

Numbers, Verse that dares. Whil'ft I in soft and hum — ble Verse, my

I. 2. F



own, my own cap - ti - vi - ties rehearse; whil'ft I in foft; in fo - ft, and



hum - ble Verfe, my ow - n Cap - ti - vi - ties rehearse; I



ling my own Defeats, which are not the Events of Common War; I ling my own De-



feats, which are not the Events of Common War, which are not the Events of Common



War: Not Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Cavalry, nor



Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files, of In - fan - try; not Fleets at Sea have

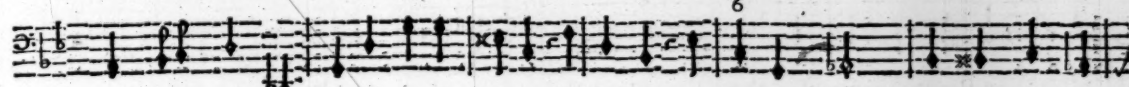




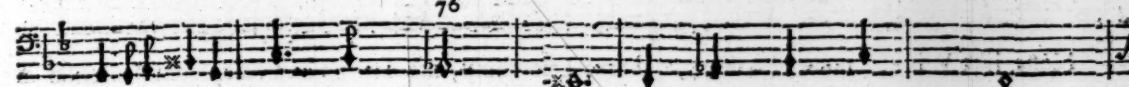
vanquish'd me, nor Bri-ga-deers, nor Ca-val-ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor



Ranks and Files, of In-fan-try: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, A-na-cro-on still de-fies, all, all, your Ar-til-le-ry Companies; save

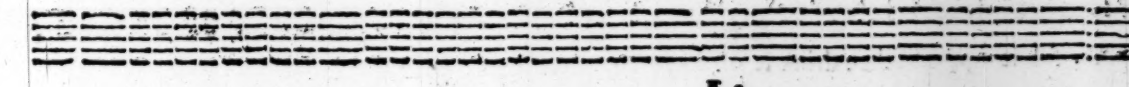
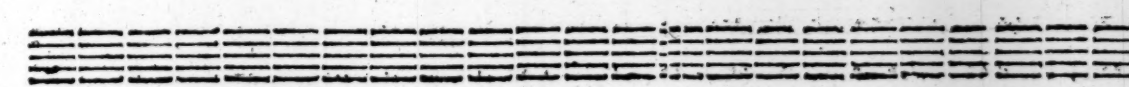


those encamp'd in kil-ling, kil-ling Eyes, each Dart his Miftrefs shoots, he dyes, each



Dart his Miftrefs shoots, he dyes.

Mr. Henry Purcell.





A. 3. Voc. (A Catch.)

Mr. Henry Purcell.



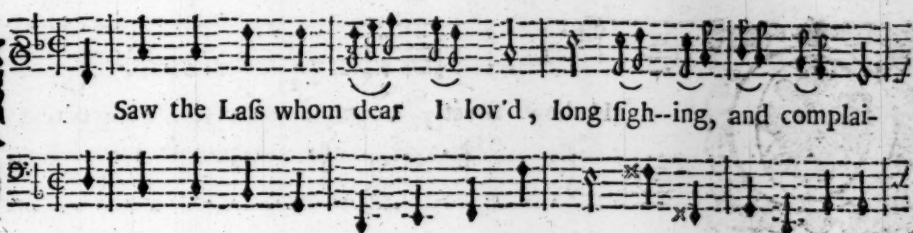
Sum up all the Delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the Delights the  
 World does produce, the darling Allurements now chiefly in use; you'll find, when compar'd, there's  
 none can contend, with the solid Enjoyment of Bot-tle and Friend: For Honour, or  
 Wealth, or Beauty, may waste, those Joys often fade, but rarely do last; they're so hard to at-  
 tain, and so ea-si-ly lost, that the Pleasure ne'er an-swers the Trouble and Cost.  
 None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendship, are lasting and sure, from Jealousie  
 free, and from En-vy secure; then fill up the Glasses until they run o're, a Friend and good  
 Wine are the Charms we a-dore.

A. 3. Voc. (A Catch.)

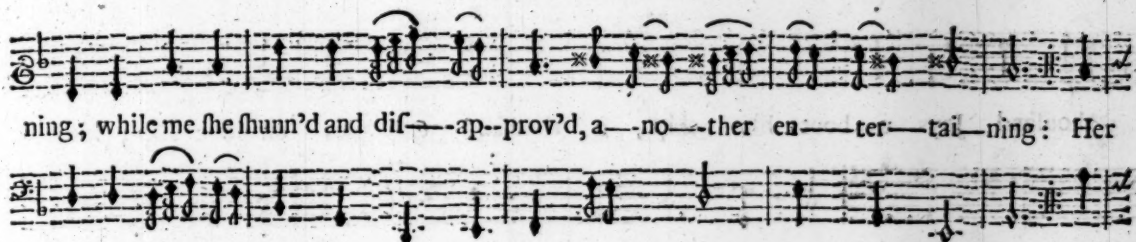
Mr. Henry Purcell.



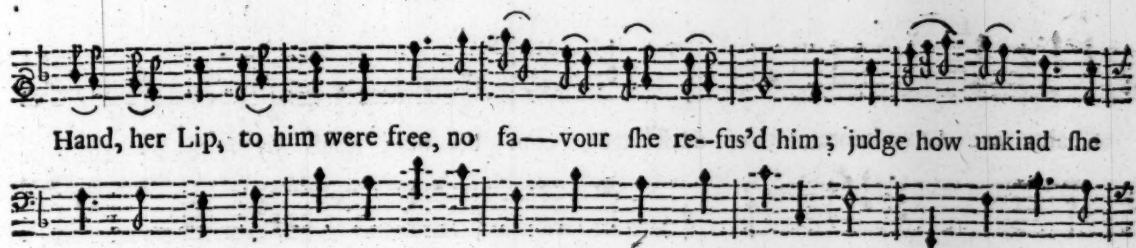
Ow, now we are met, and Humours agree, call, call for Wine, and lose no  
 Time, but let's merry be; fill, fill it about to me, let it come, fill the Glas to the  
 top, I'll drink ev'ry drop, *Super-na-cu-lum*: A Health to the King, round, round, let it  
 pass, fill it up, and then drink it off like Men, never baulk your Glas.



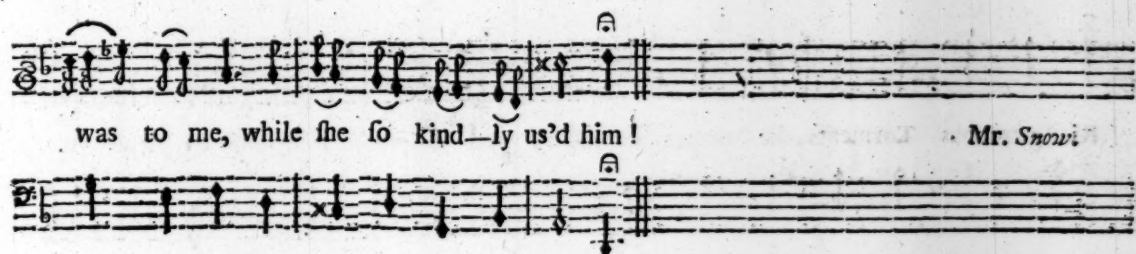
Saw the Lads whom dear I lov'd, long sigh-ing, and complain-



ning; while me she shunn'd and dis-ap-prov'd, a-no-ther en-ter-tai-ning: Her



Hand, her Lip, to him were free, no fa-vour she re-fus'd him; judge how unkind she



was to me, while she so kind-ly us'd him!

Mr. Snow.

II.

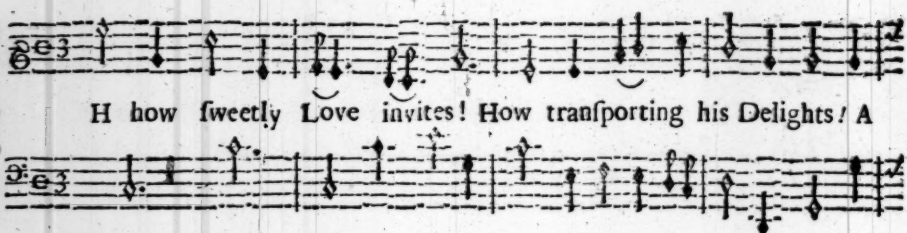
His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd,  
A Bliss worth Kings desiring;  
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,  
The Snow amounts admiring:  
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,  
That to such Passion mov'd him;  
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,  
To shew, she well approv'd him.

III.

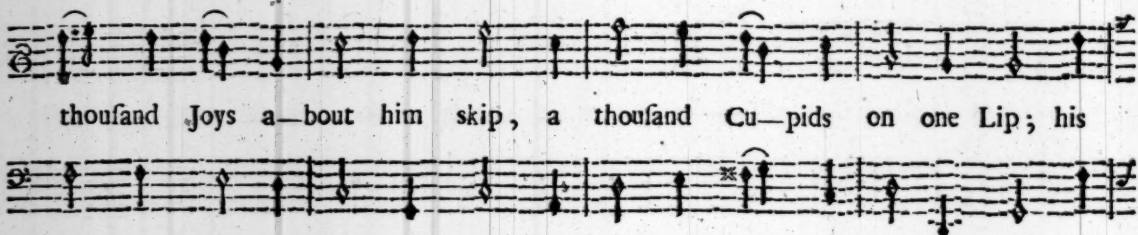
The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,  
And swol'n my Heart with Passion;  
Which, like my love, could not be tam'd,  
Nor had Consideration:  
I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,  
On my hard Fate complaining;  
That plung'd me into deep Despair,  
Because of her disdain.

IV.

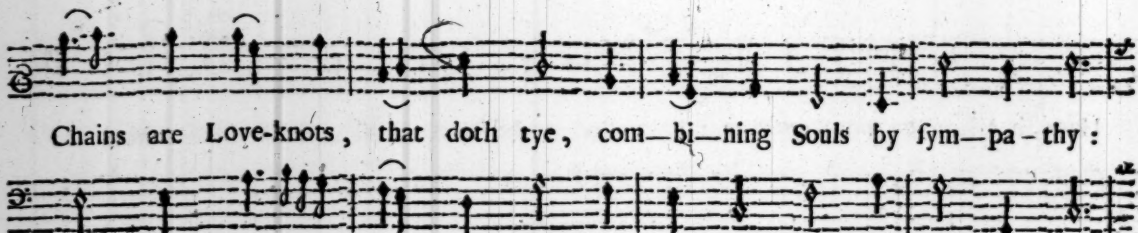
Ah, cruel *Moggy*! then I cry'd,  
Will not my Sorrows move you?  
Or if my Love must be deny'd,  
Yet give me leave to love you:  
And then frown on, and still be coy,  
Your constant Swain despising;  
For 'tis but just you should destroy  
What is not worth your prizing.



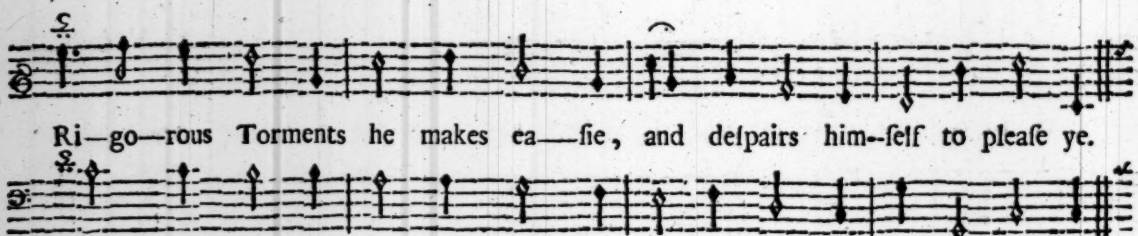
H how sweetly Love invites! How transporting his Delights! A



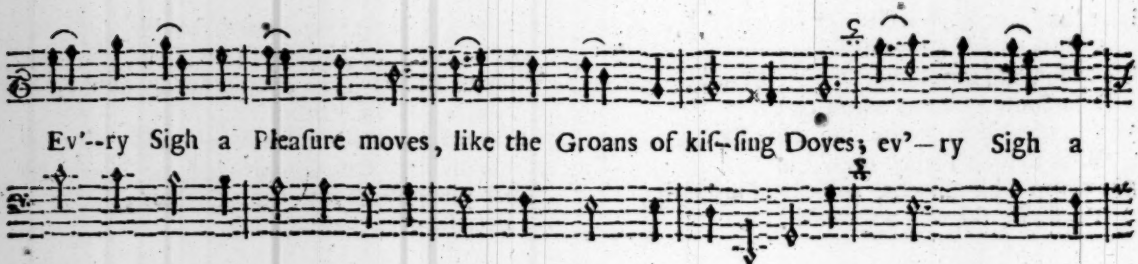
thousand Joys a-bout him skip, a thousand Cu-pids on one Lip; his



Chains are Love-knots, that doth tye, com-bi-ning Souls by sym-pa-thy:



Ri-go-rous Torments he makes ea-sie, and delpairs him-self to please ye.



Ev'-ry Sigh a Pleasure moves, like the Groans of kis-sing Doves; ev'-ry Sigh a



Pleasure moves, like the Groans of kissing Doves.

Mr. Snow.





His Empire's all compos'd of Charms,  
With joy we truckle to his Arms;  
For those he kills, he still composes  
Beds of Honour, and of Roses:  
Thus they unfortunate become,  
Enamour'd of their Martyrdom.

✠ Rigorous Torments he makes easie,  
And despairs himself to please ye.  
Ev'ry Sigh a Pleasure moves,  
Like the Groans of kissing Doves;  
✠ Ev'ry Sigh a Pleasure moves,  
Like the Groans of kissing Doves.



E Gods, you gave to me a Wife, out of your wonted favour, to

be the Com—fort of my Life, and I was glad to have her: But if your Provi—

dence divine, for something else de—sign her; t'obey your Will at a—ny time, I'm

rea—dy to resign her.

Mr. Snow.



Ell, tell me, why your Face dif—clo—ses flaming Blushes, when I



say, Thour't young as *A—pril*, fresh as *May*, and sweet as *June's* first budding *Roses*?



Why when *I* but name my Passion, should the *Lil—lies* dif—ap—pear? Why takes the Blood such



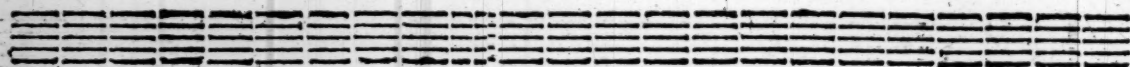
quick pos—ses—sion, planting bright Car—na—tions there?

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



II.

Say why thy Cheeks are thus unfolding  
These new Charms, whilst humbly I  
The old in Rapture am beholding,  
With wonder gaze, and gazing dye:  
If budding Charms are so surprizing,  
What must full-blown Roses do?  
Like Morning Sun in Crimson rising,  
Painting the Hemisphere anew.





H! how sweet it is to Reign! how delightful 'tis to see the begging Eye, and



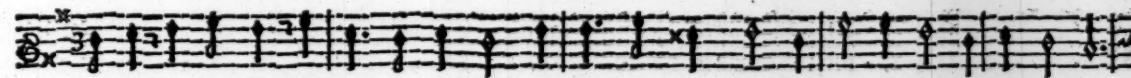
bended Knee! to hear the Gilded Palace ring, with Praises of the King! Kings are Gods, and



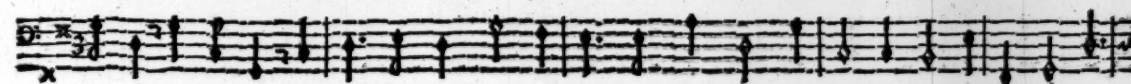
from the lofty Throne, on all the rest of Men look down, all bow to them, but they submit to none; with



Frowns they kill, and with a Smile more ravishing Delights they move, than all the fading Sweets of Love.



Pleasure, and Treasure, and Beauty, are theirs, to sweeten their Cares; all Nature gives, or Art can find,



to please the Sense, and ease the Mind; the Gods for Monarchs did ordain, ah, how sweet it is to Reign!







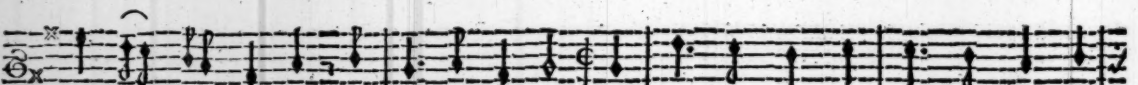
Hen Beauty, arm'd with smiling Eyes, and in betraying Features drest; for



wand'ring Hearts in Am—bush Iyes, she bears the Valiant, cheats the Wife, and



gains a Throne in ev'—ry Breaſt: To ſo ma—ny bright forms ſhe al—ters her ſhape, no



God, nor no He—ro, can e—ver eſcape. Who pleaſing Looks, and Mirth, diſdain, ſhe



wounds with more Ma—je—ſtick Art; and where the haughty Men prove vain, ſuch

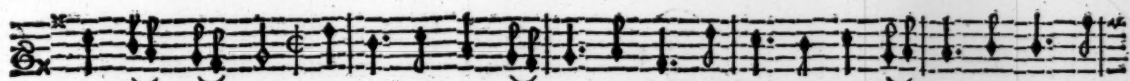


Pear—ly ſhow'rs of Tears ſhe'l rain, as can diſ—ſolve the hardeſt Heart: So





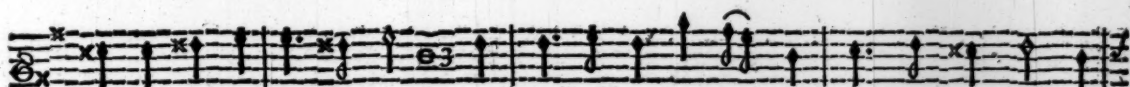
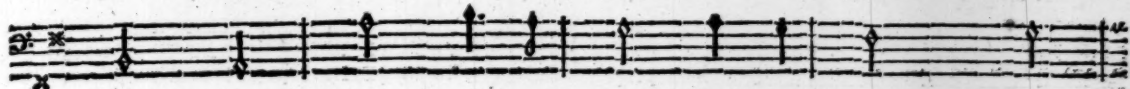
deep is her Cunning, so sweet is her Stroke, that all must be subject to



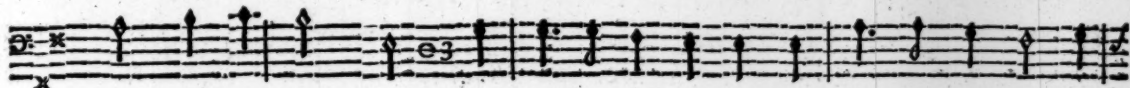
Beauties soft Yoke. But, ah! how sweet 'tis to possess, the secret Wishes Beauty move; the



Jays no Language can express, nor a---ny wretched Mor---tals guess, that

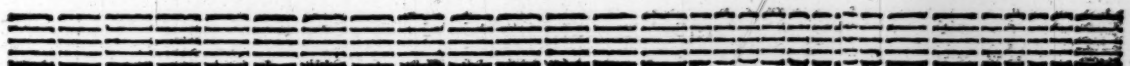


has not try'd suc---cess-ful Love. Such Raptures of Pleasure from Beauty proceed, that



none but True Lovers are happy indeed.

Mr. John Banister.





HY should short-liv'd Mortals strive to gain, gilded Cares, and

glorious Pain? 'Tis not, Pow'r's bound—less sway, nor all the Guards that wait up—on a

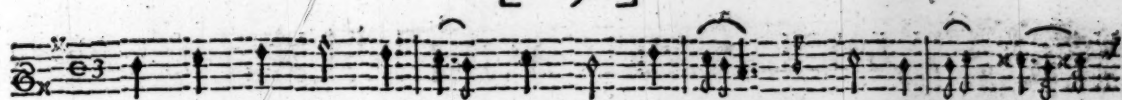
glitt'ring Throne, can drive in—tru—ding Care away: Wisdom's sacred Hand can bind, the

ra—ging Passions of the Mind; he that has at—tain'd to that, is the Em—pe—

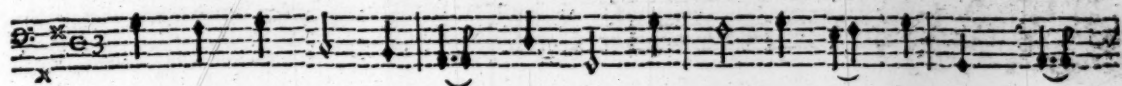
rour of Fate. Rough Tempests that make Kingdoms roul, a—gainst his Breast in

vain do beat; they cannot shake his fix—ed Soul, but must, like vanquish'd Waves, retreat.





No rest—less Wish, no trem—bling Fear, or fierce Despair, can en—ter



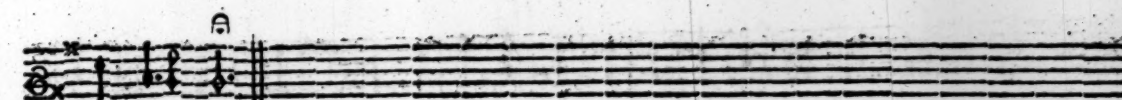
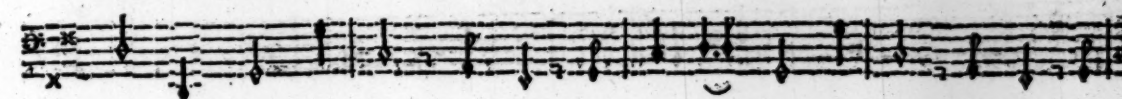
there; vain Love, cold Death, or ha—py Time, have nei—ther Darts, nor



Wings for him: When Life for—sakes his qui—et Breast, he does but change his

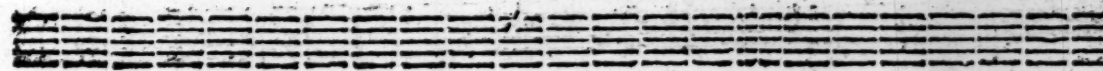
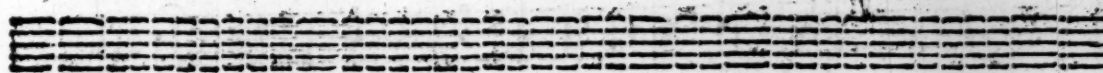


place of Rest, 'tis he, 'tis he a—lone is blest, 'tis he, 'tis he a—



lone is blest.

Mr. John Banister.



The Words by Mr. John How.

Set by Mr. James Hart.



How can they taste of Joys or Grief, who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?

Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends alone on Love: Were I in heavy

Chains confin'd, *Narcissa's* Smiles would ease that State; nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, could bless my Mind,

curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate. Of all the Plants which shade the Field, the

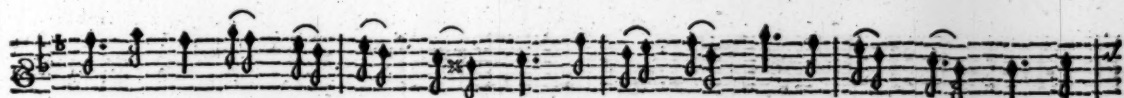
fragrant Myr—til does surpass; no Flow'r so gay, that does not yield, to blooming Roses

gau—dy Dress: No Star so bright that can be seen, when *Phœbus* Glories gild the Skies; no

♫  
[ 3<sup>1</sup> ]



Nymph so proud a—dorns the Green, but yields to fair Ne—e—ra's Eyes. The



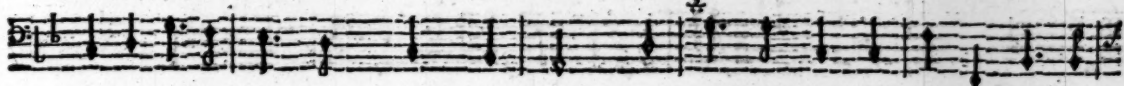
a—mo—rous Swain no Off'—rings bring, to Cu—pid's Al—tar as be—fore; to



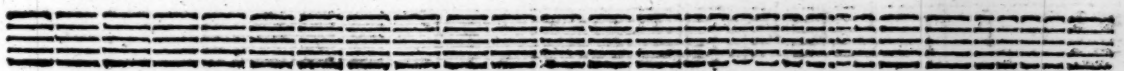
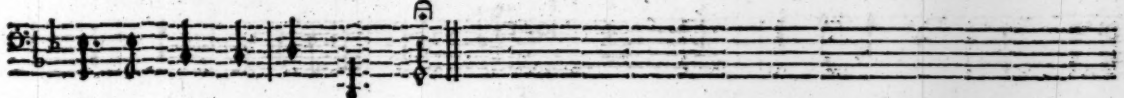
her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no o—ther Pow'r: If thou thy Empire



wilt regain, on thy Conquerour try thy Dart; touch with pi—ty for my Pain Ne—



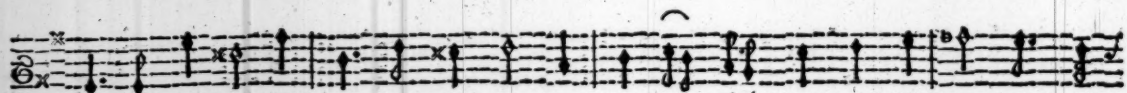
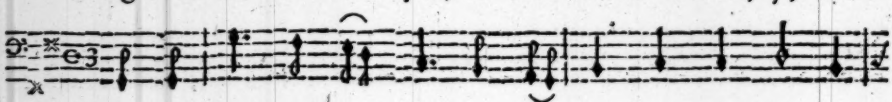
e—ra's cold dis—dain—ful Heart;







Though our Town be destroy'd, since our selves we en-joy, where



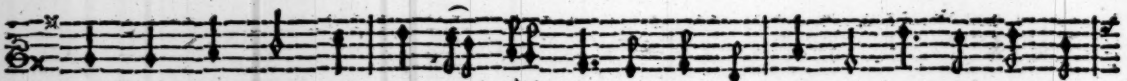
e're we reside, we make a new *Troy*, when mer-ry in one place, our Minds compass



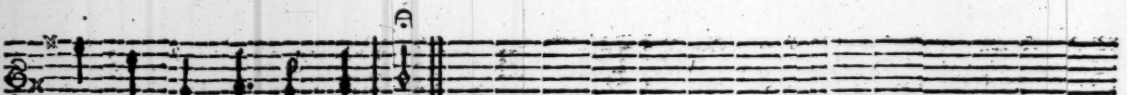
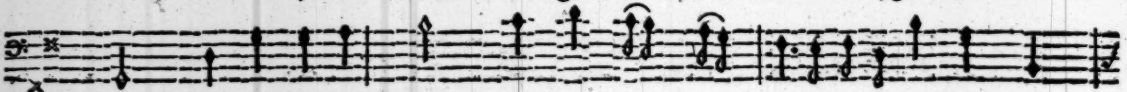
all, thus Man's the great World, and the Globe's but the small. Then drink our Veins full, and



while Wa-ters glide a-bout the dull Earth, let Wine be our Tide; then



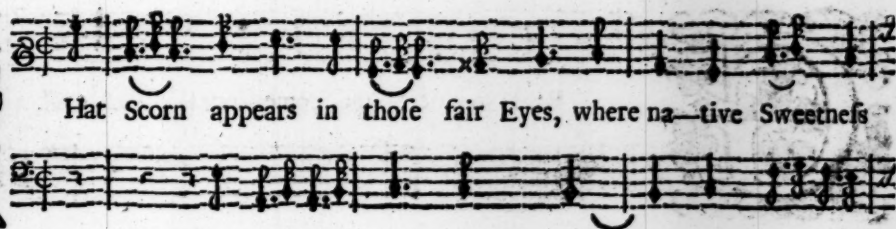
drink our Veins full, and while Wa-ters glide a-bout the dull Earth, glide a-bout the



dull Earth, let Wine be our Tide.

Dr. John Blow.





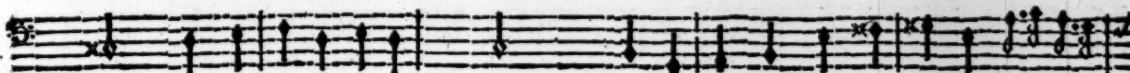
Hat Scorn appears in those fair Eyes, where na-tive Sweetness



us'd to flow? If your A-do-rer you despise, on whom will you your Love bestow? Ah!



let not your severe Disdain kill him, who lives alone for you; in-glo-rious Conquests



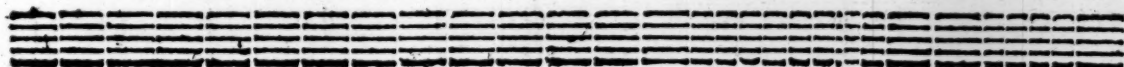
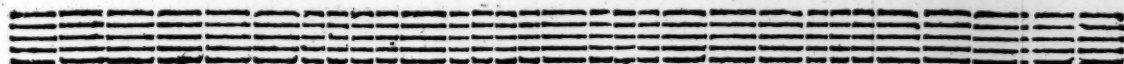
they obtain, who mur-der Slaves they first subdue.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.



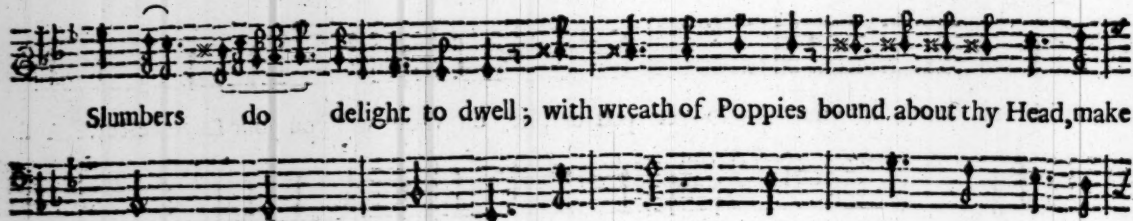
II.

Welcom to thirsty Fields kind Show'rs,  
To chearful Birds the Morning Light;  
Returning Suns to with'ring Flow'rs,  
To me the charming *Calia's* Sight:  
The Floods against their Streams may run,  
The Gods may cease to be obey'd;  
But think not, cruel Nymph! your Scorn  
Can quench the Flames your Eyes have made.





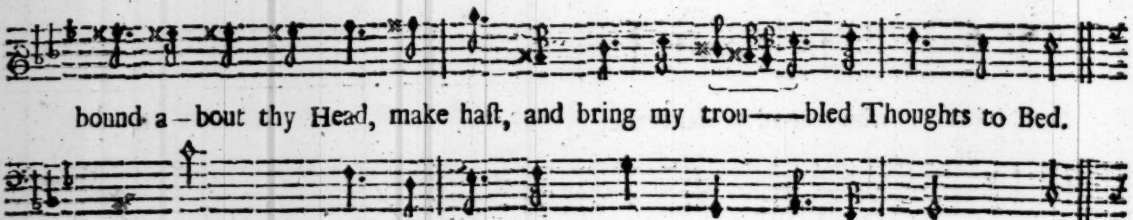
Great Son of Night! come from thy *Elbow* Cell, where sof—rest



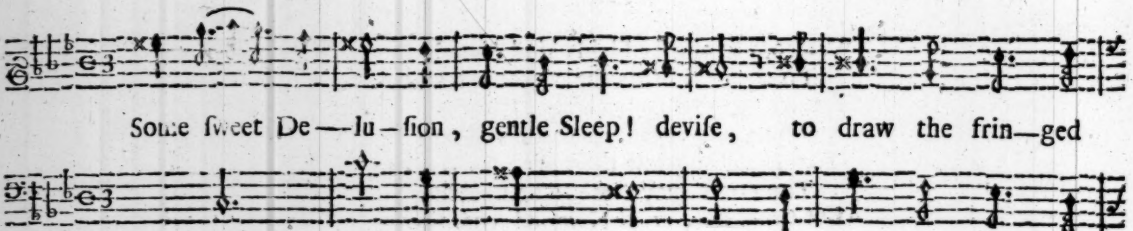
Slumbers do delight to dwell; with wreath of Poppies bound about thy Head, make



hast, and bring my trou—bled Thoughts to Bed; with wreaths of Poppies



bound a—bout thy Head, make hast, and bring my trou—bled Thoughts to Bed.

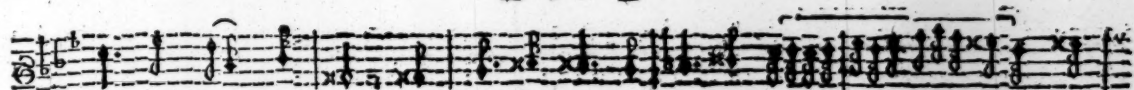


Some sweet De—lu—sion, gentle Sleep! devise, to draw the frin—ged



Curtains of mine Eyes; before I am—aware, my rest—less





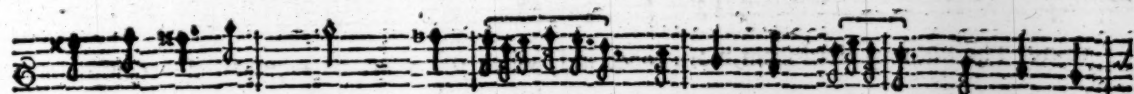
Mind implores thine aid, with filken Cords to bind my feet—ter'd



Sen—ses with thy migh—ty Hand, and charm them gent—ly



And charm them gent—ly with



with thy Leaden Wand; and char—m them gently, charm them gently

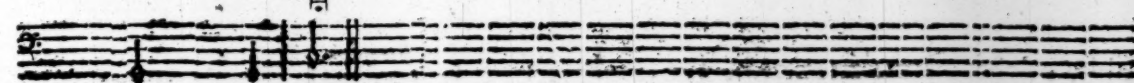


thy Leaden Wand; charm them gent—ly, charm them gent—ly, with thy

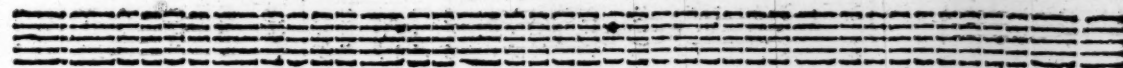


with thy Leaden Wand.

Mr. James Hart:

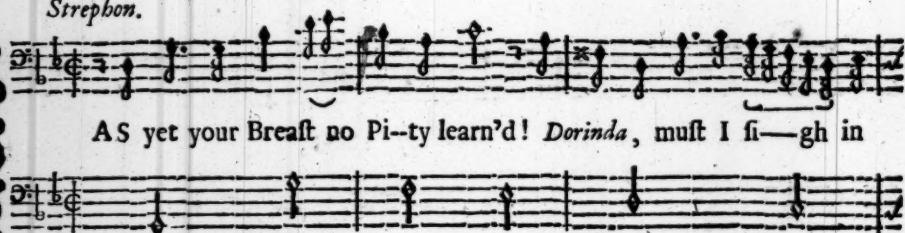


Lea—den Wand.

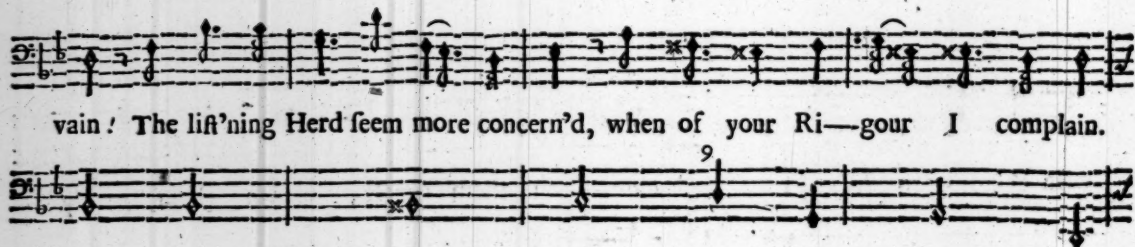


# A Dialogue betwixt STREPHON and DORINDA.

*Strephon.*

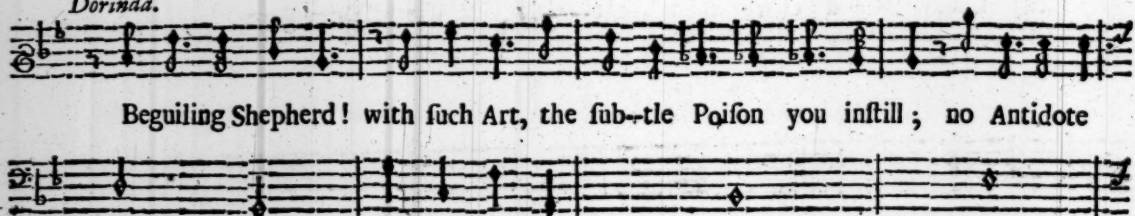


AS yet your Breast no Pi—ty learn'd! *Dorinda*, must I si—gh in

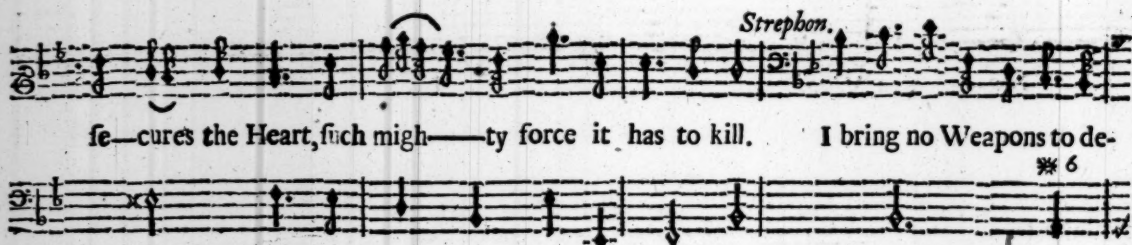


vain! The list'ning Herd seem more concern'd, when of your Ri—gour I complain.

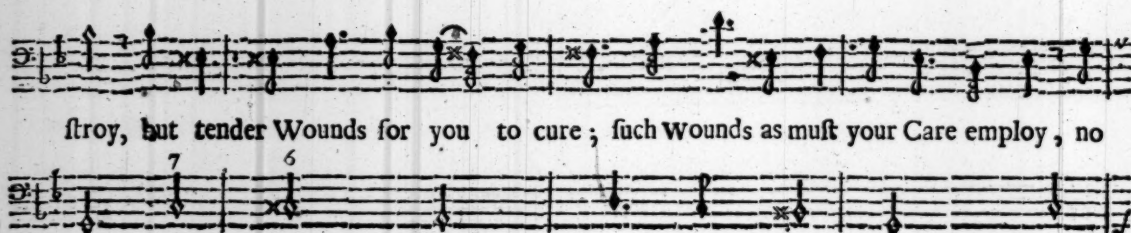
*Dorinda.*



Beguiling Shepherd! with such Art, the sub—tle Poi—son you instill; no Antidote

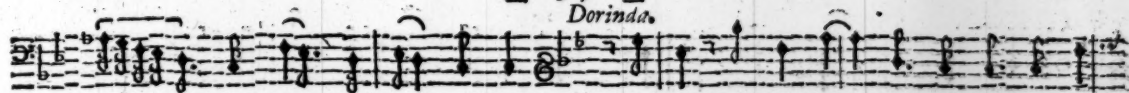


se—cures the Heart, such migh—ty force it has to kill. I bring no Weapons to de—



stroy, but tender Wounds for you to cure; such Wounds as must your Care employ, no

8  
[ 37 ]  
Dorinda.



rough—er Hand they can endure.

Forbear, forbear, pray tempt no more! My Heart



I feel almost undone; and can no more, no more oppose that Pow'r, that Pow'r,

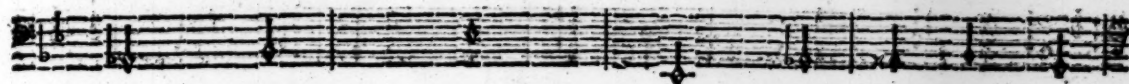


Strepson.



which has such Conquest won.

Dorinda, you the Conqu'ror are, here I for your Protection



sue; and as your Pris'ner took in War, some Mercy challenge as my due.

I can no mo—

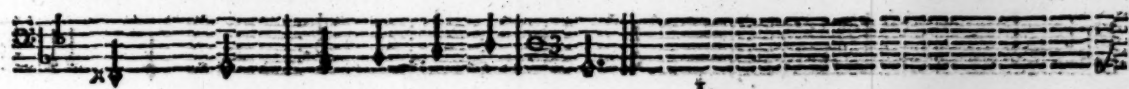


—re reject your Pray'r, Strepson, for Heav'n-fake constant prove! My Breast shall bury all your



Care, and kindly en—ter—tain your Love.

CHORUS.



L



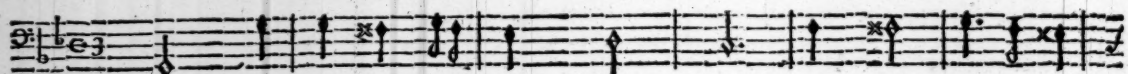
## CHORUS.



So those bright Eyes which do the Tempest raise, with one kind Look the an-



So those bright Eyes which do the Tem—pest raise, with one kind Look the an-



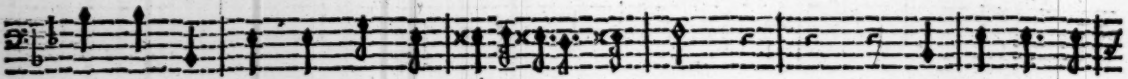
gry Storms appease, and save poor sin—king Lo—vers from the Seas.



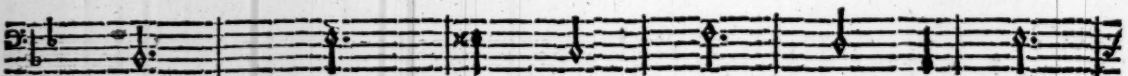
gry Storms appease, and save poor sin—king Lo—vers from the Seas.



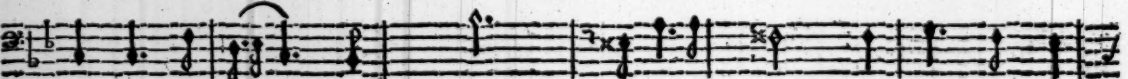
Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts, draw Beauty with one Eye a



Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts, draw Beauty with

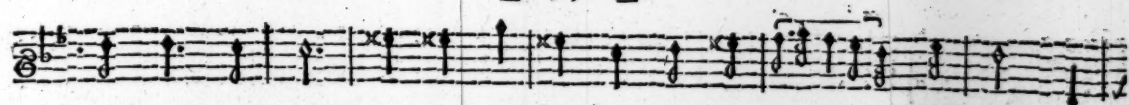


shoo—ting Darts, the o—ther wee—ping, the o—ther wee—ping o—

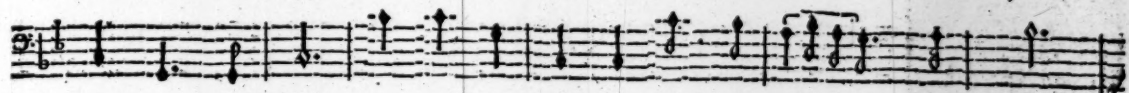


one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other wee—ping, weeping o—





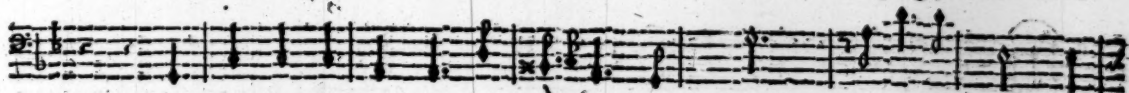
ver wounded Hearts: Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts, draw



ver wounded Hearts: Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts,



Beauty with one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other weeping, the other

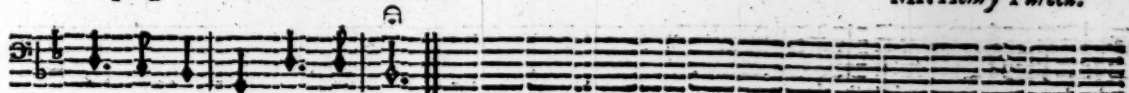


draw Beauty with one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other weeping,

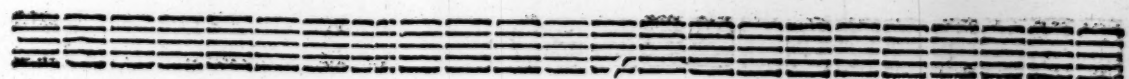
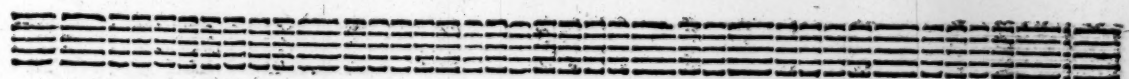
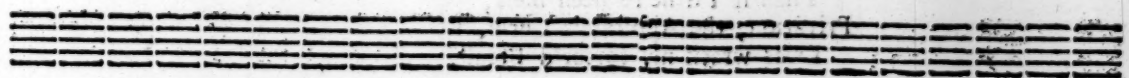


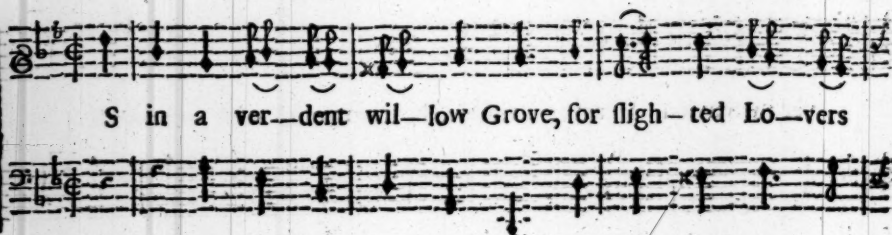
weeping o—ver wounded Hearts.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



weeping o—ver wounded Hearts.

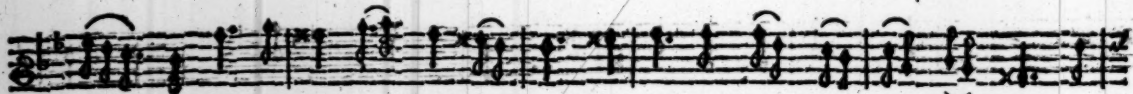




S in a ver—dent wil—low Grove, for fligh—ted Lo—vers



meant, Syl—van—der raving of his Love, thus gave his Passion vent: Is there no ju—ster



Laws above, ye Gods, than to cre—ate, in poor Syl—van—der so much Love, in



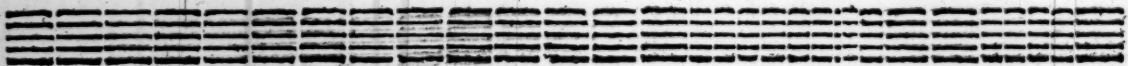
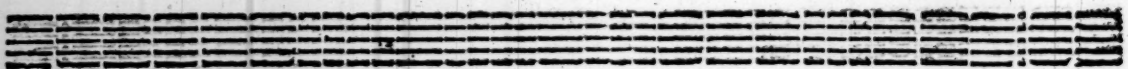
Daph—ne so much Hate!

Mr. Snow.



## II.

Alas! (he cry'd,) my Angel's gone,  
The lovely fair one's fled,  
And's left me here forlorn, undone,  
What more can Mortals dread?  
And my Condition now is worse  
Than if I'd ne're been blest,  
Privation, the Apostate's Curse,  
Does wrack my tortur'd Breast,



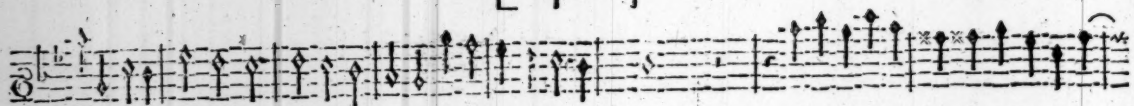


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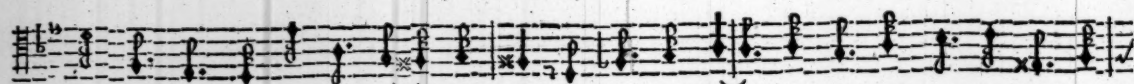
[ 41 ]

*Symphony for FLUTES.*

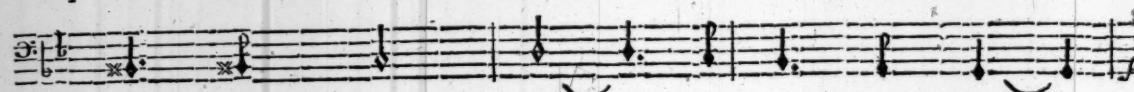
The musical score is written for 12 staves, likely representing two parts of six flutes each. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major, and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes a variety of note values, rests, and accidentals. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is arranged in a single system across 12 staves. The page is numbered 8 at the top and [ 41 ] in the center. The title 'Symphony for FLUTES.' is written below the first staff. The notation is arranged in a single system across 12 staves.



O W plea—fant is this flow—ry Plain and Grove! What

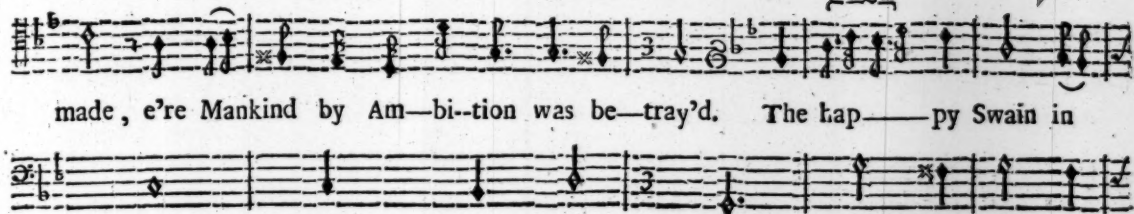


perfect Scenes of In—no—cence and Love! As if the Gods, when all things here below were

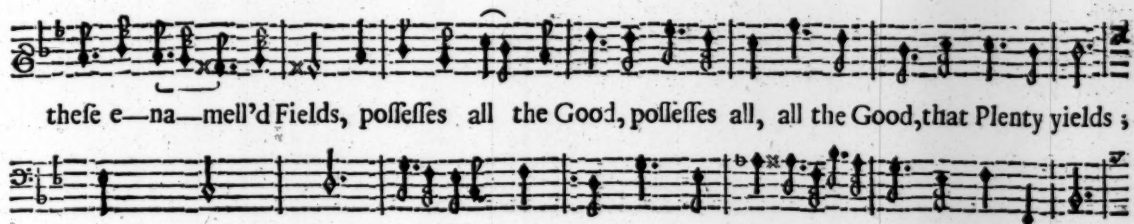


curs'd, reserv'd this place, to let us know, how beau—ti—ful the World at first was

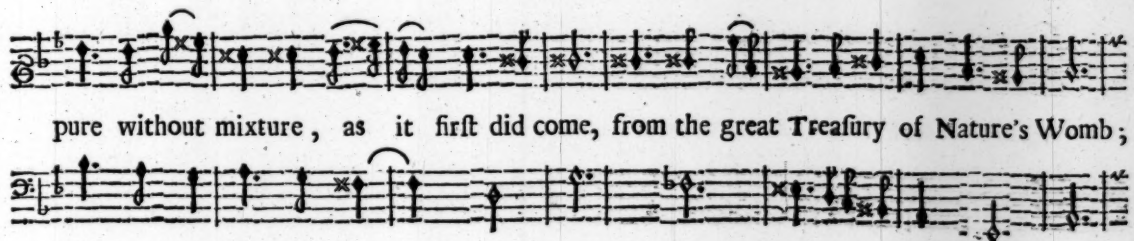




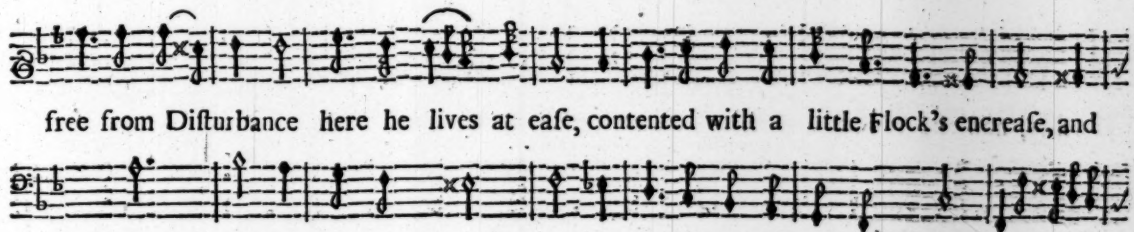
made, e're Mankind by Am—bi—tion was be—tray'd. The hap—py Swain in



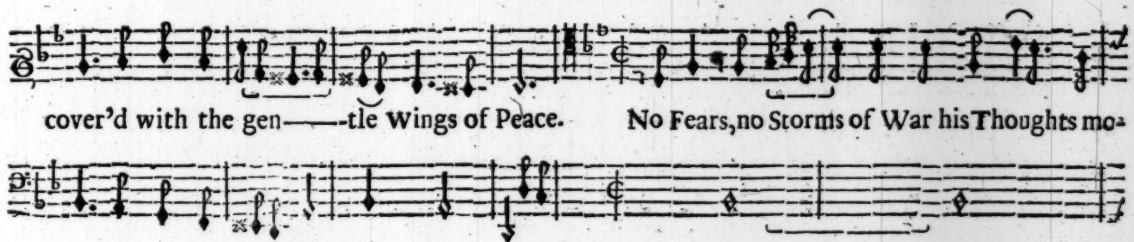
these e—na—mell'd Fields, possesse all the Good, possesse all, all the Good, that Plenty yields ;



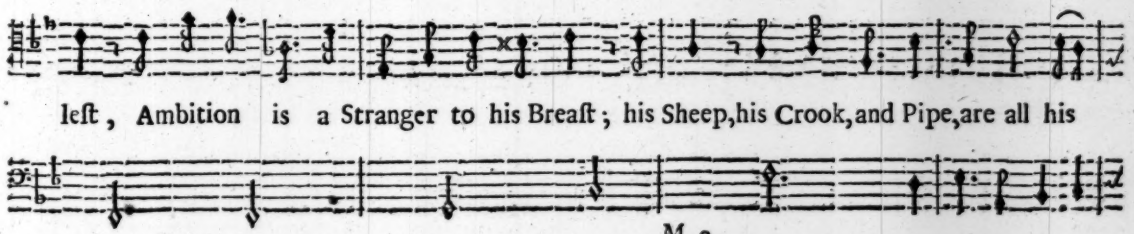
pure without mixture , as it first did come, from the great Treasury of Nature's Womb ;



free from Disturbance here he lives at ease, contented with a little Flock's encrease, and

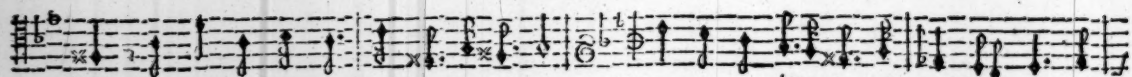


cover'd with the gen—tle Wings of Peace. No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts mo—



left , Ambition is a Stranger to his Breast ; his Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe, are all his





Store, he needs not, neither does he covet more. Oft to the si—lent Groves he does re—



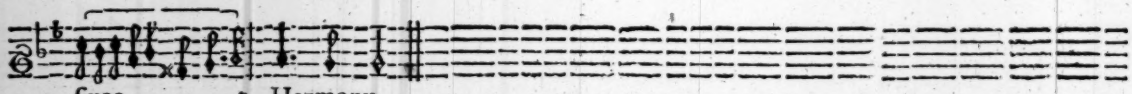
treat, whose Shades de—fend him from the scor—ching Heat: In these Re—ces—fes



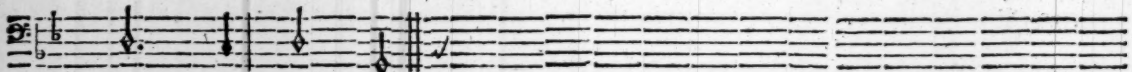
un—con—cern'd he lyes, whilst through the Boughs the whisp'—ring Zephire



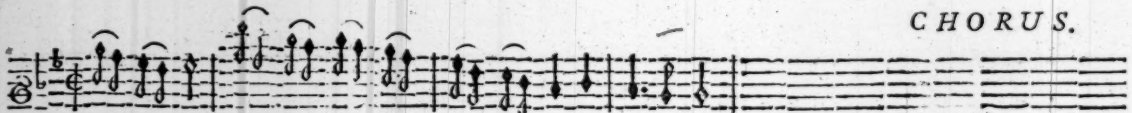
flies, and the Woods Choristers on ev'ry Tree, lull him asleep, lull him asleep, with their



sweet Harmony.

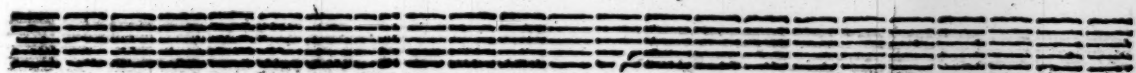
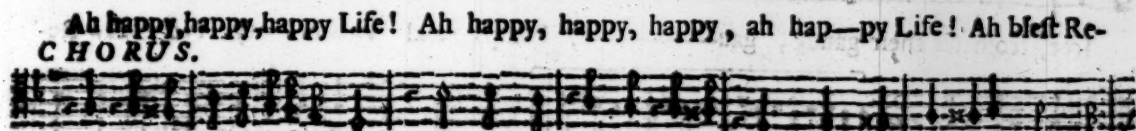
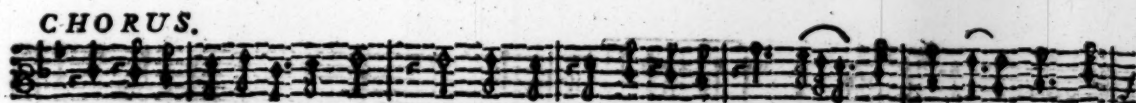


CHORUS.



CHORUS.

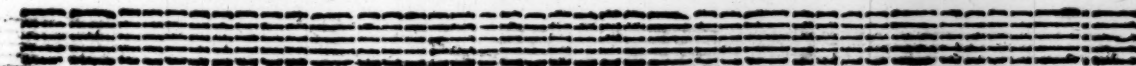




great, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Fol—lies,



great, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Follies,

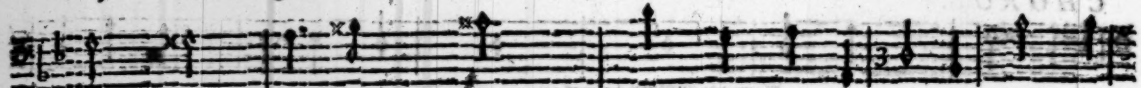




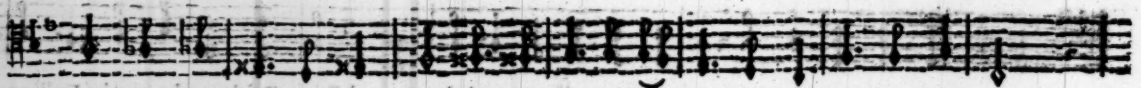
free, from all their gaudy, gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re—



free, from all their gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re—



more does their Pleasure annoy, nor disturb the Delights of their in-no-cent Joy. Crown'd



more does their Pleasure an—noy, nor disturb the Delights of their in-no-cent Joy.



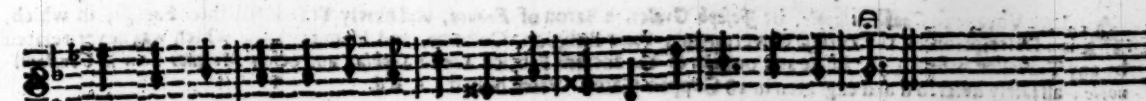
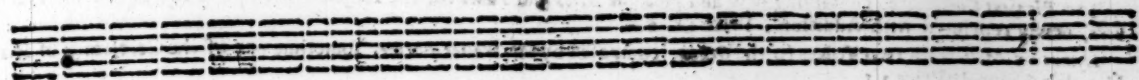




Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Cities and Kingdoms obey, are not



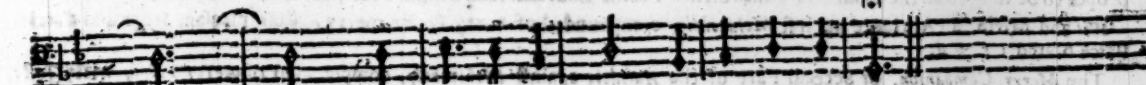
Crown'd Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Kingdoms obey, are not



half so contented, are not half so contented, or happy as they. Mr. Henry Purcell.



half so contented, are not half so contented, or happy as they.



FINIS

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